# THE PACIFIC

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## SMALL SERVICES.

"There's never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray sweeter;
There's never a wind in all the sky
But makes some bird wing fleeter;
There's never a star but brings to heaven
Some silver radiance tender;
And never a rosy cloud but helps
To crown the sunset splendor;
No robin but may thrill some heart,
His dawn like gladness voicing;
God give us all some small sweet way
To set the world rejoicing."

# THE PACIFIC

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W. W. FERRIER.....Editor
2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.


## CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

In Japan 96 per cent of the children of school age are in schools. This is the highest percentage of any nation in the world.

In 1901 there were not an hundred thousand Protestant Christians in China. Today there are more than four hundred thousand.

It is said concerning the Christians of Korea that there is a family altar in every home and that no meal is eaten on which the blessing of God has not been asked.

The Bible is the best selling book in Japan today. During 1909, 18,845 Bibles, 83,410 Testaments, and 255,540 portions were sold. Five million copies have been sold during the last thirty years, in whole or in part.

In most countries Christianity made its first converts among the people in the lower strata of society, but in Japan it has had its greatest successes among the Samurai or knightly class. From this class have come Japan's army and navy officers, her educators and journalists and the leaders in public life. Fourteen members of the Japanese parliament are Christians.

In 1876 China had fourteen miles of railroad. In 1909 there were 6,300 miles. In 1900 there were no newspapers in China. In 1909 they numbered 200. In 1876 China did not have a postal system worthy the name. In 1908 the Chinese postal system handled two hundred and fifty-two million pieces of mail matter. China is awake! Let the world look out for China by the middle of the 20th century!

A bill introduced by Congressman Bennet, of New York, providing for an American Peace Commission, has been passed by both houses of Congress. The bill provides for the appointment by President Taft of five persons "to consider the expediency of utilizing existing international agencies for the purpose of limiting the armaments of the nations of the world by international agreement, and of constituting the combined navies of the world an international force for the preservation of universal peace." The commission is to make its report within two years, and it is expected that President Taft will appoint Theodore Roosevelt as its chairman.

Concerning Christianity in Japan outside of the churches, a prominent Japanese Christian writes: "There is such a thing as 'Christianity outside of churches,' and it is taking hold of the Japanese people far more strongly than the missionaries imagine. The Western idea, that a religion must show itself in an organizezd form before it can be recognizezd as a religion at all, is alien to the Japanese mind. With us religion is more of a family affair than national or social, as is shown by the strong hold that Confucianism has had upon us, without showing itself in any organized societies and movements. And I am confident that Christianity is now slowly but steadily taking the place of Confucianism as the family religion of the Japanese."

Twelve years ago a Christian Chinese started at Shanghai, China, "The Commercial Press." It is now the largest printing establishment in Asia and employs more than a thousand persons. It is managed on the co-operative plan, sharing profits with its employees. The net profits are divided into twenty parts. Five of these are distributed among the employees, two go to the shareholders, three to the reserve fund, and two to the schools of children of employees, to sick and injured employees, and the widows and orphans of those who have died. The net profits distributed in these ways last year were $200,000 Mexican. The head of every department, except one, is a Christian and sixty per cent of all the persons in responsible positions are Christians.

The key idea of China is individualism, says Secretary Brown of the Presbyterian foreign missionary board: "There is a conspicuous absence of centralization. If a foreign Power were to obtain possession of a Japanese port, it would not be able to hire a coolie in all Japan to fortify it; but when the Germans seized Kaio-chou Bay, although the province of Shantung was thrown into great alarm, the German admiral had no difficulty in employing thousands of Chinese to make the German position impregnable against the Chinese. It is every man for himself. Perhaps this is due in part to the density of population, which makes the struggle for existence fiercer than anywhere else, and develops a callous selfishness, as well as a spirit of self-reliance." In Japan the key idea is solidarity. The individual is nothing. The nation is every thing. The Japanese people move as a unit in politics, in commerce, in war, and in all their activities.

The Rev. Arthur J. Brown, the secretary of the Presbyterian board of foreign missions, gives in his last report much that shows in China a mighty trend toward the goals of God. He says, however: "I would not give the impression that all China is about to become Christian, and that there is no reason for anxiety. Side by side with these remarkable manifestations of spiritual power, there are evidences of growing suspicion, and even hostility, to which I have already referred. Christianity in China has reached the point where men are taking sides for or against it. There is a vast work to be done in China; but it must be done amid the upheaval of Chinese society, the surging currents and counter-currents of a new era, the increasing anti-foreign spirit, and the growing feeling of the official class in China that Christianity is not only identified with foreign ideas, but is subversive of ancestral worship to which the Chinese tenaciously cling."

At Nankin, China, the Presbyterians, the Methodists, and the Disciples, who are commonly called "Christians," have united in educational work. This is in the interest of economy and efficiency, says the secretary of the foreign society of the Church of the Disciples. "The missionaries of the three societies were thoroughly convinced that by co-operating in educational work they could do the best work for China." The university at Nankin, which is conducted now on this co-operative Christian plan is for the teaching of the Chinese the common branches of Western learning, such as history, science, general literature and mathematics, and to teach them in a Christian way. The secretary whom we have quoted says that "Christianity will be taught in the university in an atmosphere entirely free from denominational prejudice," and adds: "Real Christian union is coming in China before many years. If the misisonaries do not give it to the native church, the Chinese will have it whether or no. They have no interest in the divisions of Western Christendom." More and more every year it is being made evident that Christian union is to come to the world by way of the Orient.

In an article in the Boston Transcript on "Outdoor Work for Women," Ella Gilbert Ives makes reference to California as follows: "As for the concrete instance, one has but to take a trip through southern California and see its orange-hued poppy; its cosmos five and a half inches in diameter and of innumerable shades and forms—the result of ten years' devotion to hybridizing by a woman. At Ventura may be seen the immense frilled double petunia, brought into existence by Mrs. Gould. Near Fresno is a model farm worked by Mrs. Sherman, who raises not only fruit, but dairy stock and horses. It was a California woman who discovered the quick returns of the pampas plume industry—Mrs. Strong, while waiting for a hundred and fifty acres of walnut trees to grow a harvest. At Riverside, two orange trees from Brazil, planted beside the cottage of Mrs. Tibbets, began the extensive navel orange industry of California. No State furnishes finer illustrations of woman's adaptation to outdoor vocations, and her signal success in them. Since 1878, when Miss Austin, a retired teacher, improved a vineyard, and pioneered the way for women in raising and packing raisins, many paths have been opened. It was a California delegate to the International Council of Women in London in 1899, at whose suggestion a Women's International Agricultural and Horticultural Union was formed. It was California that in 1900 formed a State organization to aid women in tilling the soil."

## THE ALIEN IN AMERICA.

**Rv. James I. Vance, D.D.**

The problem of the alien is one that can be solved only by the Gospel.

We are not afraid of any ship that comes to our shores loaded with foreigners who are loyal to the Cross of Christ. They cannot come too soon or too often. We welcome them. If they are Christians we are willing to trust them with our institutions as freely as we trust ourselves. But what if they are not Christians? What if they are only nominally Christians? Is it not evident that the salvation of the nation depends upon making them Christians? There is a stronger bond than love of country; it is love of Christ. There is a higher tie than love of Italy or love of Hungary; it is the love of Jesus. When two men find Christ, they are one "though they came from the ends of the earth."

Therefore this question is a great missionary problem. It rises up before us. It is imperative. In what would seem to be a Providence, God has brought the ends of the earth to us. We have been slow in taking the Gospel to them, and the Saviour who spoke to his disciples about the fields that were white unto the harvest and said: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," seems now to be saying, "I have waited long for my people to go, but they have tarried. Nineteen hundred years have gone by and two-thirds of the race do not yet know me. I can wait no longer. I will bring all nations to my people." And he has: They are here at our doors, a glorious missionary opportunity.

The success or failure of our Foreign Mission work is going to be settled right here at home. The Church that breaks down before the alien in a Christian land will never evangelize the alien in a non-Christian land. And the alien can be Christianized. He convertible; as much so as your native-born American citizen. Christ's Gospel is not only the power of God unto the salvation of the descendants of the first settlers, of some Son of the American Revolution or Colonial Dame or member of the Grand Army of the Republic, but also of the Italian in the ditch, of the Hungarian in the coal mine, of the Polack in the packing-house, of the Jew from the steppes of Russia, and of the Hindu from the filth of India. The alien can be saved. The tide of immigration rolls in bearing on its crest a matchless opportunity to the Church of Christ. Are we meeting it?

To walk through the slums of our great cities and see the wretchedness amid which the alien struggles ever here in free America for the chance to exist is enough to wring pity even from that guild whose patriotic shibboleth is "America for the Americans." "Talk of Dante's hell!" exclaims the head of the Salvation Army, and all the horrors and cruelties of the torture chamber of the lost! The man who walks with open eyes and bleeding heart through the shambles of our civilization needs no such fantastic images of the poet to teach him horror."

Instead of meeting the problem, we have been running away from it. What is the meaning of the flight of churches up town, and out to residential suburbs? Is it a strategetic advance or a cowardly retreat? Are there no people down town? There are nowhere so many people; but they are aliens, They are not our sort of people. Shame on us! They are people. And there is no difference between the Jew and Greek, between the American and the Italian, between the Anglo-Saxon and the Chinaman; for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him.

There is our problem and we have run away from it. We have thought more of having a respectable constituency of comfortable pew holders than of saving the alien. Despite all our high-flown rhetoric about saving America, we have been more concerned with mere ecclesiastical success than with healing the open sore of the world.

Only Christianity can solve the problem, but it has got to be a new brand of Christianity; not this formal, faint-hearted, self-indulgent, dress-parade, pallid Christianity; but a Christianity that can stand bad smells and foul sights and that will go down to the gates of hell to save a soul; Christianity that, instead of shouting "America for the Americans," shouts "Americans for America"; a Christianity with enough of Christ in it to love iniquity into goodness and hostility into brotherhood.

## "A JOB FOR MR. ROOSEVELT."

**Rev. Chester Ferris, Corona, California.**

The First Citizen of our nation, absent for a year, has returned. Everyone is asking, "What will Mr. Roosevelt do now?" Not simply by curiosity is the question prompted, but by genuine concern.

Six months in an African forest would consign all but the very greatest men to an oblivion from which issues no resurrection to public interest. It is indicative of the gigantic proportions of Mr. Roosevelt's personal popularity, that unseen, unheard, he has remained through all, the most talked of man on the planet.

Then, behold, as he enters civilization, banners stream across the continent, his public words arouse violent criticism and admiration, royalty opens its palaces, his name takes precedence for three months above every human name. It is wonderful! Three great personalities seem to stand forth pre-eminently in circles of personal power today. The Emperor William, emblem of force, organizer of a nation's material advance, the genius of political and commercial Germany—but he is purely Teutonic, loved and dominant only within the confines of his own Fatherland. The Pope of Rome, whose softest word echoes from the whispering galleries of the Vatican to lead the faith of two hundred million followers—but his power lies in the organization. While Theodore Roosevelt, without an army, without a fortune, without official position, is honored internationally, interracially; superior by the force of character, achievement; honored as the man who represents "a government not by man but by law" as Mayor Gaynor observes; recognized as an American who not only perceives the ideals of democracy, but possesses as no other man the moral energy and leadership which is making those ideals triumphant.

For this central figure in our contemporary history, all Americans are asking, "What will he do now?" What is there which will not be anti-climax for his superior ability? What can an Ex-President do?

Some years ago, when Mr. Cleveland had recently finished his terms of office, the New York Independent inquired earnestly whether there might not be some worthy function into which the Ex-Presidents of the United States might fittingly find place for years of service. These graduates from the School of the Presidency, what for them? Political advancement for them in our nation there is none. Yet they stand on the pinnacle of possible usefulness.

In answer to its own question, The Independent suggests that the Ex-Presidents, with other representatives from various nations, might well be constituted into a court of justice for the world. Mark the titantic proportions of the new era. Hitherto the stage of action has been national. Now the nations move on to federation. Travel, commerce, science, missions, emigration, fast break down the barriers, artificial fences, between political groups. Thought, action, friendships are increasingly international, even world-wide in sympathy and scope. Hitherto no man of action could call response beyond the borders of his own land. Statesmen were British, or French, or German or American. Mr. Roosevelt discloses the international character of a new age. In political ideals not more than in leadership, he has attracted the allegiance of kings and peoples. We enter a day when even an ex-President of these United States can find promotion to larger responsibilities and influence. Why should not Mr. Roosevelt be a leading force in a permanent International Tribunal of Justice.

In spite of the increase in armaments the world moves on toward peace. A nobler spirit makes war less defensible. It has been profoundly observed that the peaceful methods of the courts for either nations or individuals becomes possible only when the prevailing desire is for justice. So long as the craving for power rules the motive, boys will fight, men will duel for trifles, nations for small affairs of "honor" will go to battle. There can be no arbitration with thugs and thieves, the Napoleons of politics or business. In early times each man secured justice by force. Then came courts. Every civilized nation secures justice within its borders by this peaceful means. Why not secure justice between nations in this way? Only as a nation in its differences with another seeks justice rather than selfish gain, will it willingly submit its cause to an impartial court. If the latter be its aim, strong nations will use force to accomplish the results. When Mr. Roosevelt, under promise of ultimate freedom to them, sent troops to aid the Cubans in their struggle for independence, European diplomatts said, "Of course you will keep the island. We understand. All nations do that. You will not be held to your promise. Cuba will be a possession of the United States." They seemed incapable of understanding the humane motive of the President. It was a new thing. Our nation has become a great Teacher of International Ethics. More and more it is being recognized in Europe as in our own Cabinet that the Golden Rule, of justice, unselfishness, brotherliness, godliness, shall prevail in diplomacy as in private affairs.

As an instrument to catch and actualize the ideals, the first and second Hague Congress have been of immense value. Also by arbitration 150 disputes have been settled. That proves that in some realms at least, the Court idea is feasible between nations. It is much to prove an idea practicable.

Other influences are working alongside with accelerating momentum in the hostility to war.

The millions of men engaged in productive industry oppose the interruption and waste of war.

War is so costly and bloody! Surely it is hellish. Only when necessary as a police measure against barbarism can it be tolerated. How silly it is! Our blood has tingled in reading the story of campaigns or listening to the tale of adventure. But think, these marching armies, gunning, stabbing, their brothers! How childish a method is force! What is settled thereby? How silly is war to attain any good object.

While therefore, we may believe that there are rare irrepressible conflicts," a necessity of armies today for protection against criminals or untrained peoples, while we may believe that strong armaments are a present necessity even as an argument of a nation for peace, yet the peace movement waxes such strength that we may hope a Court of Nations, gathering all civilized peoples into its support may soon find itself able to arbitrate all difficulties which can arise between them.

A permanent court is required. The second Hague Conference supplied a body of Judges from which selections could be made. Yet the expense, the temporary tribunal,

the long delay and altercation in constituting it, the absence of a forming body of precedent and codifying of international law—all these are cogent reasons for a fixed and permanent court. Still further we must work for the determined consent and affirmation among all civilized nations that the judicial method is both feasible and to be adopted by them for the settlement of all difficulties. Not only should arbitration be occasional when voluntarily adopted, the moral international sense must demand, that as in private issues, nations must seek justice, and therefore submit to the judicial method of settling dispute. To definitely formulate this ethic at the next Hague Conference, and provide the machinery for its effective execution would practically win the ideal. Once accepted, nations can as readily arbitrate their issues as can states find justice through our supreme court. Then this Court becomes a mighty educative power among even the barbaric peoples not yet ready to unite in it, and war retreats to the jungles of the earth. We hail with joy, therefore, the call of Secretary Knox to the varied civilized governments that existing machinery be perfected in the direction of permanency.

Who, then, should effectuate this mighty plan? Whose moral energy is sufficient to unify the nations, win the hesitating ones, hold them to the ideal through disappointment and the fixing of habit, who lead the court itself in courageous, resolute action? Many are looking to Mr. Roosevelt. It is a job worthy an ex-President, and he is fitted to the work.

Several reasons are given for the selection of Mr. Roosevelt.

His successful peacemaking between Japan and Russia. Bloody, one-sided had been the strife, yet it seemed impossible for them to come to terms. Russia had boasted, "we will make terms with the little monkeys in Tokio." How could they humiliate themstlves in surrender? The Japanese citizenship on the other hand demanded impossible concessions. Then in the name of humanity, Mr. Roosevelt called upon them to cease the slaughter. Where could the embassies meet to settle the terms? Not in Asia, the scene of war. Not in Europe where the Czar was hated and feared. Where but in America, impartial, friendly to both, the home of democracy. Portsmouth, New Hampshire, will long remember that famous conference. Yet tragic disappointment seemed imminent, they could not agree. Then an undercurrent of moral power proceeded in some way, unknown to the public, from the Man in the White House, which constrained the combatants to terms. A great war was ended largely by the President. Then came thanks from Czar, Mikado, Pope, the world. Mr. Roosevelt had done an unprecedented, a stupendous deed for humanity. And the precedent of his achievement nominates him for Chief Justice in the Court of Nations!

He is made fit by the amazing versatility of his knowledge and nature. In administration, business, public life, all masters recognize him a peer. His acquaintance with man as an individual, in past and contemporary history of the nations, gives him a vital readiness to discern and shape international law.

Note that his aggressive work to bring the great interests in America under the law has been essentially in the interest of public peace. The dangers of the plutocracy most of us apprehend. Yet he was advocate of no class, wage earning or capitalist. He aimed to secure justice, obedience to law.

Mr Roosevelt is a type of responsible democracy. A new consciousness of our responsibility has grown upon the nation. It is not enough for us to live to ourselves. Strength, protection, leadership must be given to our weaker neighbors. That is the motive prompting the course with Cuba, Porto Rico, Hayti, Hawaii, the Philipines. Not all our citizens grasp this principle nor consent to it. Yet it is realized by our leaders that where these people are unable to secure peace, justic, liberty within their borders, it has become our humane duty to come to their support, furnishing that control which educates them to self-control. Still further, from Mr. Hay on, our foreign office has demonstrated in its relations with Europe, particularly with reference to China, that the American Democracy stands for "tne square deal" through the world. Such a Democrat may well be a leader in the international Democracy of a Court of Nations.

Most conclusively, the recent reception of Mr. Roosevelt everywhere in Europe demonstrates their confidence in him. He is the one international character, who, irrespective of religion, politics, social position, nationality, can unite and lead the world in a great plan for peace like a permanent Court of Arbitral Justice. Here is a job worthy of our great ex-President, here is a judicial statesman worthy the work.

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## THE LATE JUSTICE DAVID J. BREWER'S VIEWS CONCERNING MILITARISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

### The Following Is Part of an Address by Justice Brewer on "The Mission of the United States of America in the Cause of Peace.

While I have an abiding faith that the tendency of American thought and purpose will ere long be reversed, no one can be blind to the fact that there is a persistent effort to make of this a great military nation. From the football field to the ironclad, from the athlete to the admiral the thought and the talk is fight. The cry is fight fair, but fight. The capital city has a different aspect from that which it had a few years ago. Brass buttons and epaulets are filling the eyes. Our newspapers are eulogizing the magnificence of our fleet and army and the thought of the nation is largely in the direction of naval and military advance. Science is giving its attention to the discovery and manufacture of more effective instruments of death and we are rapidly drifting into an admiration of the "pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war." At the first Hague conference we were among those nations calling for a limitation of armament. Now instead of leading in that direction we are constantly increasing our armament, and point with pride to the fact that our naval fighting strength surpasses that of every other nation excepting that of Great Britain.

How has this been brought about? Let us look a little at our history, and see how it has happened, and what it suggests. Our total military and naval expenditures during the eight years of Washington's presidential service were only $10,825,000. In his farewell address he urged upon his countrymen to avoid "the accumulation of debt, not only by shunning occasions of expense, but by

vigorous exertion in time of peace to discharge the debts which unavoidable wars may have occasioned, not ungenerously throwing upon posterity the burden which we ourselves ought to bear." Would that our late rulers had shown his calm judgment and sound political wisdom and during these days of prosperity instead of extravagant expenditures for military and naval purposes devoted them to the payment of the national debt. Following his advice we extinguished our entire indebtedness before the close of Andrew Jackson's administration. Thereafter came the Mexican War, leaving a small indebtedness,and in 1861 the Civil War, which, lasting four years, piled up a debt of three thousand millions of dollars. Resolutely we proceeded to pay that and continued to do so until the year 1896, by which time, although recovering from the effects of that exhausting war, and with only limited prosperity, we had paid off two thousand million dollars. We then ceased payment, and today our debt remains about the same, increasing rather than diminishing within the last year or two by the issue of bonds for the Panama Canal.

Why this change? It sprang from the Spanish War, from personal ambitions and the love of military display. Contrast the two wars. The Civil War lasted four years. The number of those enlisted in the Union army was two million, one hundred and thirteen thousand. The number per killed in action was sixty-seven thousand. Died of wounds received in action, forty-three thousand; while the total number of deaths from all causes was three hundred and fifty-nine thousand. I have no statistics of the Confederate army, but certainly they would largely increase the total casualties of the war. On the other hand, the Spanish War lasted but a few months. The total number of men mustered in was two hundred and twenty-three thousand. The number killed in action was only 218—not as many as have been killed in many a single mining catastrophe. The number of those that died from wounds received in action is eighty-one; the number dying from disease, 3,488. The total casualties during that war were less than the number killed in railroad accidents in this country during a single year. According to the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the number killed on our railways during the year ending June 30, 1908, was 3,764; the number injured, 68,989. Other years show a greater fatality. In the Civil War were some of the greatest battles of history and a terrible loss of life on either side. In the Spanish War, outside of two brilliant naval engagements there were only a few skirmishes. The two wars taken as a while compare about like a 12-inch rifled gun with a small pistol, and yet, as we have seen, after the Civil War there was no cry for an increase of armament, no call for a navy to challenge the fleets of the world, a steady payment of the national indebtedness, a devotion to the pursuits of peace and a magnificent enlargement of our industries and business, while after the Spanish War we increased our army and we have been steadily building ironclad after ironclad until now our navy stands second among the navies of the world.

Putting the matter in another form: During the ten years prior to the Spanish War the expenses of the army and navy, omitting pension charges, were five hundred and seven millions. For the ten years following that war, one billion, six hundred and twenty-six million dollars, or one billion, one hundred and nineteen million dollars more than in the prior ten years. This if applied to the national debt would have paid it in full and left something of a surplus for the digging of the Panama Canal. Is it not strange that so small a war has wrought such a change in the thought and action of the country when the mightiest of wars wrought so little? Certain interests which profit by naval construction have been active and clamorous. And a not inconsiderable part of the press has filled the air with calls for a larger navy.

As illustrating the effort to develop the naval and military spirit it is not strange that the chief of staff of the American army has affirmed that we are wasting time in seeking arbitration, and that the only true course for us to pursue is to make our military and naval strength so great as to be beyond danger of attack. Nor is it strange that the gallant admiral who started in command of our fleet in its tour around the world is reported to have said that the fewer statesmen and the more ironclads there were the less would be the danger of war. In other words, if we had more guns and fewer people unwilling to use them there would be less shooting. Such logic as that, as Mark Twain would say, is simply unanswerable. It might as well be said that to stop personal quarrels and prevent shooting the law should require every man to carry a loaded pistol in his hip pocket.

I noticed the other day that a distinguished Englishman, long in the fiscal service of China, is credited with the statement that there would be no peace until China with its four hundred millions had become a thououghly trained military nation, and then with her immense force she could say to each nation in the world, you must be at peace. But how long would such a peace last? Turn to history and read the answer in the experience of the great nations of the past.

According to circulars issued by the departments in November last, the number of military and naval officers on the active and retired lists then in the District of Columbia was 727. Most of these had their families with them. In addition there were a number of families of deceased officers. Do you wonder that these, connected as they are with the military and naval forces, are gradually transforming the capital of the country into a military and naval center, and that their influence is constantly pressing upon Congress for continued development and increased expenditures in military and naval lines? Contrast this with the judicial service. The number of federal judges in the District of Columbia and in all the States of the Union put together was then only 138, less than twenty per cent. of the military and naval officials gathered in the capital city. And yet we have constant complaint of tardiness in judicial proceedings. Do you wonder that the army and navy make the great American display in all the receptions at the White House, or that the officials who manage such receptions appear in military or naval uniform? And this in face of the fact that all the leaders in the national life have been proclaiming their longing for universal peace.

History repeats itself. No greater spectacle appeared during the Middle Ages than the Crusades. From western Europe hastened knightly hosts to rescue the Holy Land from Moslem rule. The bravest and best of European chivalry were gathered in these hosts, and many and gallant

were the combats. Yet all in vain. From the English Channel to the City of David lie scattered the bones of those knights while the crescent still waves over Zion. Indeed, a few missionaries without sword or musket have done more to permanently undermine the power of Mahomet than all the hosts of crusading knights. Equally magnificent was the spectacle of our great fleet moving away from Hampton Roads on its long journey around the world. As it steamed away from the American shores there was a sight that appealed to the pride of every American. They went to show the Oriental what we have in the way of naval power; as was said by the genial President, "to put the ironclad in the eyes of the Orientals." Does it not savor of the comic to talk of putting an ironclad in the eyes of Admiral Togo? Yet, after all its journey, its parade and frolic, after having been seen by the Orientals, it will not bring the day of peace any nearer. How cleverly the Japanese answered this parade by sending two battle-ships to our shore.

According to a report made by Secretary Newberry to the Senate, the cost of the coal used on the battle-ships during the year 1908 was three million, one hundred and sixty-three thousand dollars, increased by transportation and storage charges to five million, five hundred and forty-thousand dollars. Evidently the voyage of the fleet around the world was an expensive luxury. He further reports that it costs over one hundred and nine thousand dollars a year to keep a first-class battle-ship in good condition. What has the nation received for all this expenditure?

Another matter, comparing the appropriations for the year ending June 30, 1910, it appears that for the army, fortifications and military academy they amount to $111,-897,515.67; for the navy, $136,935,199.05; and for pensions, $160,908,000. Or a total on account of wars and preparations therefor of $409,740,714.72, while the total executive, legislative and judicial appropriations for the same length of time are only $32,007,049, the former being twelve times as much as the latter. Is it any wonder that with all our immense revenue we are facing an increase in indebtedness?

In Appleton's Magazine, Harold Bolce states that the amount expended in the single year 1907 for military and naval purposes and pensions, excluding interest on the war debt, was for the four nations, the United States, Great Britain, Russia and Germany, one thousand one hundred and eighty-four mililons, this country leading them with an expenditure of three hundred and fifty-nine mililons. In this connection it may be noticed that our expenditures in 1907, of three hundred and fifty-nine million dollars have been followed by appropriations for the coming year of four hundred nine million dollars, an increase in three years of fifty mililon dollars. They were also more than thirty-seven times as much as the expenditures for the army and navy during the entire eight years of George Washington's administration.

There never yet was a nation which built up a maximum of army and navy that did not get into war, and the pretense current in certain circles that the best way to preserve peace is to build up an enormous navy shows an ignorance of the lessons of history and the conditions of genuine and enduring peace. When one nation becomes so strong that it is able to say to all others, "I am in favor of peace but it must be a peace in which my will and wish controls," it is morally certain that the outcome of a few years will be war, for it is against human nature to take command on matters of personal interest or questions of right and justice.

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## THE CONSTITUTION AND GOVERNMENT OF MEXICO.

**By Prof. Granville F. Foster.**

Mexico is a country, the romance of which not even the commonplace years of the Twentieth Century can entirely dispel. The question of the origin of its inhabitants, the peculiar civilization which met the gaze of Spaniards on their first arrival on its shores, the romantic stories of the conquest made by Cortez, the vast and often exquisite ruins of cities whose history, save what little ruins give, has entirely perished, the mountains of silver which enriched the early Spaniards, all unite to fire the imaginations of earnest students of archaeology and history who would know more if they could of this strange and wonderful land. Besides, its physical geography corresponds with the strangeness of its history. Beneath a sky of unusual serenity stretch vast table lands, shut in by ruins of lofty mountains, the sides of which are scarred by giant ravines and awful precipices, while the plateau itself has over a half-hundred volcanic peaks, seven still active and three of these, though in the Torrid Zone, tower up into the region of eternal snow. Here are scorching deserts without so much as a cactus to relieve the sight, there valleys of surpassing loveliness and fertility, here lovely lakes, shining rivers, beautiful cascades, there dense tropical forests, as thick and almost as impenetrable as an East India jungle; and what exuberance of animal life is here! Birds in both form and tints of the most exquisite plumage, including giant cranes and huge herons, disport themselves, as the case may be, in the foliage of the forest or in the waters of the lakes; butterfiies, that rival the birds in beauty of form and in brilliance of attire, flit here and there amid the branches or in open spaces upon flowers of every kind and hue that carpet the earth. From the limbs of trees depend the huge boa constrictor, ready to greet the unwary traveler with his ardent but unwelcome embrace, while near at hand thousand of hissing serpents of the most brilliant hues are lodged in trees or moving on the ground, more deadly in close quarters than even the boa himself. In the ponds bask huge crocodiles, and on the forest floor prowl the jaguar or American tiger, the cougar, the tapir, while chattering monkeys share with the birds and the serpents the empire of the trees. In the Tierra Caliente (the hot lands), from the sea level to 3,000 feet altitude, all kinds of tropical trees, shrubs and plants generally abound; from 3,000 to 8,000 feet the Tierra Templada or Temperate lands, the vegetable productions of the Temperate Zone abound, succeeded by the Terra Fria, the cold lands of Arctic vegetation, tapering off to the snow-cap on the loftiest mountain summits.

It was early in the sixteenth century that Grijalva, a lieutenant of Velasquez, viceroy of Cuba, returned one day with the strange news that he had discovered one of the richest countries in the world, where gold and gems were as common as wood and iron in Spain. In the employ of the viceroy was a young Spaniard, Hernando Cortez, ries of a vacation of delight.

who had already shown wonderful skill and efficiency in several difficult enterprises with the conduct of which Velasquez had entrusted him. This man was now given eighteen vessels, between 600 and 700 men, and a few cannon, with the command, "Conquer Mexico." Nothing loth, the young man set out, reached the main land, built Vera Cruz and now plunged into the interior. His career is indeed one of the most romantic in the history of the world. By boldness, by indomitable energy, by his wonderful success in making treaties with various tribes, by his sudden and unexpected attacks, when all hope to the ordinary leader would seem gone, by sieges carried on so strangely that the stories of them seem like fairy tales, by unmeasured and relentless cruelty on the one hand or by lenity and kindness on the other, as might subserve his purpose, Cortez at length succeeded in fully reducing the land of the Aztecs to Spanish rule; but his very success, his very commanding talents, his real qualities to judge and govern, were offensive to the jealous monarch, Charles V, emperor of Germany, and King of Spain, and at last, after arriving home to plead his own cause, he was allowed to die in disgrace and in poverty at Seville in 1547, at the age of 62 years, twenty-six years after he had completed his celebrated conquest.

Spanish customs and government were now fastened on Mexico. The land was exploited for all it was worth. The civilized Indians were driven into the mines by means of the cruel lash, to die in a short time of fatigue, and so great was the mortality among them that negroes had to be imported from Africa to continue the work, thus laying in America the beginning of African slavery. But the cruelty and rapacity of the Spaniard did not end here for the least opposition of a tribe caused its extinction by the most cruel tortures; and no sanctuary or vault was safe from their insatiable hunt for gold and precious stones, and thus cruelty was sanctioned as a part of the Spaniard's religion. The worship of Huitzilopotcli, the Mexican Mars, may have been fiendishly cruel when it required the hapless victims to be brought to the sacrificial stone, where the breast of each was torn open by the presiding priest with a knife of obsidian and the heart, still palpitating, was thrown to the feet of the grim idol; but when the worship of the virgin was set up, the Inquisition appeared and the Familiars, as they were called of this institution, were still more fiendishly cruel, since they did not kill their victims in a few minutes as did the ancient Aztec priest, but carried the torture over months and years, a refinement of cruelty of which we could hardly believe his Satanic majesty could be guilty—and all done in the name of Him who was the Divine personification of love and forgiveness.

From the days of Cortez to 1808, sixty Spanish viceroys in turn, ruled Mexico, making out of their iron rule, all they could for themselves and Spain, but at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the Mexicans heard of wonderful things going on in the old world. Napoleon Bonaparte had commenced his meteoric career and the countries of Western Europe, England excepted, lay at his feet. Spain was prostrate. Now was the time to rise and throw off the galling yoke of three centuries. Patriots arose everywhere in Mexico. The church, in league with Spanish officers used its engine, the Inquisition, against these bold men, who, by taking up arms against the mother country, had at the same time defied the Mexican hierarchy; and at the same time the Spanish defenders used their engine, the Sword, but the patriots won, and in 1821, just 300 years after Hernando Cortez first placed the shackles on Mexico, she was free. But a people who have been slaves for so long a time cannot learn to rule themselves in a few days. It takes years to do this and neither the Indian nor the Spanish blood lends itself readily to stable government. Such government is too tame and commonplace for excitable spirits, loving adventure and romance. That this neighbor of the Uited States is so thoroughly governed and so peaceful today is owing to the genius and ability of Porfirio Diaz, who has held the executive office or President's chair for six terms and has already commenced the seventh. The government is like that of Rome under the Caesars, however, as it is really a military despotism under the forms of a Republican government. Just as the Emperor Augustus divided his rule between himself and the senate, so does Diaz divide his rule between himself and the Congress; but just as Augustus saw to it that every senator was a creature of his, so Diaz sees to it that not a member is elected to either house of Congress who is hostile to him. Indeed, there is not a member elected to any legislature of a Mexican state who can be hostile to Diaz. Should that contingency occur, Diaz finds a way or makes one to rid himself of any such person, nevertheless if no personal or politiacl bias against the president is shown, there is allowed to both national and state legislative bodies much liberty of debate; but it is always well understood that any significant request coming from the Chief Executive means an authoritative command to change attitude on measure or bill, and obedience is sure to follow. An apt comparison, as already suggested, can easily be made between Diaz and Augustus. The latter became Emepror of Rome, after a century of internal strife, during which blood flowed like water. Faction after faction was in the ascendency and wholesale proscription and executions were an every-day affair. Augustus takes the real power under the title of Imperator or Commander of the Armies, and gives the semblance of power to the Senate, and proscriptions and executions ceased and profound peace ruled throughout the vast empire. Augustus often acted in a very arbitrary manner, but his excuse was, the Romans had so far descended from their pristine virtue that they must have a master, or anarchy would result; and most historians believe the excuse a valid one. The emperor put on none of the trappings of royalty; he was accustomed to walk in the streets of Rome, clad in the garments of a Roman gentleman, accosting pleasantly here a senator or a knight there as though he was merely a citizen and not a master of Rome. The condition of Mexico thirty odd years ago was an image of Rome in the last days of the Republic. So well is this known to the readers of the Pacific that I need not enlarge on it here. Diaz becomes President, reserves all real power to himself, allows a semblance of it to Congress or Legislature, affects to obey the Constitution but often breaks it; but the result is tranquility, prosperity and the respect of foreign nations, and like Augustus, Diaz shows no pomp, puts on no purple robes and in public acts like a man among men. In all human probability, he cannot rule much longer for he is alrady in his 81st

year, and the vital question to Mexico and the United States is, "What will come after?"

Will the stable government continue or will the demons cast out some three decades ago that have since wandered in dry places return to the body politic, out of which they have been cast and the end of that nation become worse than at first? "Quien sabe?" The United States wants no Nicaragua or Guatemala next door. Ramon Corral, the present Vice-President, is urged by Diaz as a worthy successor, as Roosevelt urged Taft, bpt Taft has not proved to be a Roosevelt and Ramon Corral may not prove a Diaz. In the United States, the President is important in his sphere, but he is not necessary to a stable government; but the President in Mexico means a stable government or revolution, according to his character. Consistently or not consistently, our government cannot well but wish the successor of Diaz may be arbitrary enough to prevent the calamities of a return to the times of former turbulence. We want no more territory from our neighbor, fo we are ashamed of the way we acquired nearly 900,000 square miles in the old slave days, and we have no temper to try over again the old iniquity, however much that iniquity was overruled by Providence for god; hence our wish for Mexico is continued peace and prosperity.

Mexico has an area of 767,258 square miles, extending from latitude 15 degrees to latitude 33 degrees N. and from longitude 87 degrees to longitude 117 degrees W. Its population is a little over fourteen millions. Of these nineteen per cent are pure white, descendants of the old Spanish inhabitants, thirty-eight per cent are pure Indians and forty-five per cent are mixed. There are few foreigners living in the republic—only sixteen thousand Americans and seventeen thousand of Modern Spaniards and a few thousand of several other nationalities. Immigration into Mexico from Europe has not yet begun. Mexico has several large and flourishing cities: first, the city of Mexico, with 350,000; then Guadalajara, 162,000, and Puebla, with 94,000; following these are Leon, Monterey and San Luis Potosi, each with 60,000; besides which there are thirteen cities with between 20,000 and 40,000. Mexico has already 15,000 miles of railroad, and in her largest cities numerous street railroads; and of course the electric light, the electric telegraph and the telephone are as much in evidence as in the United States. Southern Mexico has everywhere most interesting ruins often of exquisite beauty, the carvings reminding the traveler of similar ruins to be found in Upper Egypt, and much ingenuity has been exercised to prove that the hieroglyphic writings found in Yucatan must have been borrowed from the hieroglyphics once in use in the land of the Nile. It is lamentable that the insane bigotry of the early Spaniards led them to make every effort to destroy all records of the earlier civilizations and they did this so well that they almost destroyed all memorials by which numerous questions of absorbing interest today might now be answered.

Mexico, as already suggested, is a mountainous country. An Atlantic plain, excessively hot, extends a few miles inland and then by a few passes 12,000 feet or more above sea level the traveler passes through the eastern mountain barrier and looks down on the Central Plain lying on an average 7000 feet above sea level. The panorama here is grander than any pen can describe. When Scott's army in the Mexican war had penetrated the Pass of Cerro Gordo, there lay before the soldiers the great central plateau, with a succession of beautiful cities, shining lakes, lovely orchards, seven or eight volcanoes, two of them active, three of them snow-capped; and towards the setting sun, the Western mountain chain rising in terraces, while almost directly beneath them the City of Mexico, with its numerous causeways, its famous churches and building, its walls and frowning forts, while above these all a deep, blue heaven warmly smiled; the whole army stopped for a long time, absolutely thrilled, entranced with the sight, until the order came to proceed, perhaps later to devastate with fire and sword what seemed to them here the Vale of Paradise. We cannot undertake here to describe this valley, but leave the subject by saying that the climate and productions are those of the Temperate Zone. On the Pacific side there is another zone similar to the one on the Atlantic, except that the coast here has a number of fine harbors and there are practically none on the Atlantic coast.

Mexico is divided into twenty-seven states, two territories and one Federal District. The Constitution of the nation is copied after that of the United States, but has twenty-nine articles on the Rights of Man, full and explicit; rather peculiar, considering how these articles have been violated in the recent years, whatever excuses may be made for the violation.

The National Congress consists of two houses—the Senate and House of Representatives. The Senate, as in the United States, represents the states in their sovereign capacity and each state elects by popular vote (not by legislature as in the United States) two senators, and then there are two additional ones for the Federal District. The qualifications of a candidate for the Senate are the same as in the United States, but the term is only four years, and elections are so arranged that one-half of the Senate is renewed every second year.

The House of Representatives at present consist of 144 members, about one to every 40,000 inhabitants, each member with the same qualifications as in the United States and elected for two years. The Constitution absolutely forbids any ecclesiastic having a seat in either house or occupying any political office.

The official term of President is, since 1904, six years, but there is no law. written or unwritten, to any number of elections of one man to the presidency, successively or at intervals. The President has a cabinet of eight Heads of Departments, on the American plan. The States have each a constitution, a legislature, a governor, much on the plan of the States in the American Union, save that all Mexican States do not have bicameral legislatures. The ostensible plan of legislation is almost precisely the same in Mexico as in our own country. Money bills originate in the Lower House and impeachment is tried by the Upper House.

The revenue yields about $50,000,000 per annum; at present a little more than is necessary to meet expenses of Government. A considerable of the revenue is expended in educating the people. Last year there were 9,500 schools, supported by federal funds and State funds and by municipalities to which attended 650,000 pupils. There were 2,400 private schools with 150,000 pupils. Besides

there were 50 Preparatory schools, 63 Professional schools, adding 17,000 more pupils. In all, over twelve thousand schools and about eight hundred and seventeen thousand pupils, out of a population of fourteen millions. The ninety per cent of illiteracy when Diaz became president is rapidly decreasing. It has reached about forty-five per cent already.

All the people, except a few thousands, are Roman Catholic, but the church has little hold on the mass of the people. A number of years ago all ecclesiastical property was confiscated by the State, and only a part was returned to the church. Many of the old convents, churches and palaces of archbishops or bishops are now libraries, hospitals, asylums. No ecclesiastics are allowed any control of school. Mexico is a suitable land for much missionary work. The harvest is ripe and several churches of the United States are doing something to take advantage of the occasion.

# Among the Churches.

## CALIFORNIA.

**Soquel.**—The church has recently completed the building of a parsonage which is most attractive in every way.

**Berkeley, Park.**—The first communion service after the vacation was held last Sunday. Two new members were added to the church.

**San Francisco, Mayflower.**—During the last five months fifteen members have been received and thirteen infants baptized. The financies of the church are in good condition.

**Berkeley, First.**—Sunday, August 7th. Prof. David Barrows was most gladly welcomed to the superintendency of the Bible school. The outlook for the coming year's work is most hopeful.

**Oakland, Market Street.**—Communion services were held last Sunday and one member welcomed into fellowship. The presence and address of Dr. W. C. Pond were enjoyed. Many contributions are being made to reduce the indebtedness.

**San Francisco, First.**—The congregations are becoming normal after the irregular attendance incident to the vacation time. Two-thirds of the audience are strangers, who are remembered in the prayers, and greeted by the hand as far as possible, of the warm-hearted pastor.

**North Berkeley.**—The pastor is again in his pulpit after a delightful vacation in Southern California. He reports the South as a land of beautiful churches, and Los Angeles as a great city that keeps its moral ideas up to the extent of its material growth. On a hot July morning he found a congregation of 1,000 people at the First church.

**Alamada, First.**—On August 7th the church welcomed most heartily in numbers and enthusiasm their new pastor, Rev. Charles L. Mears, called from the church at Reno. Both pastor and people are looking forward with faith and enthusiasm to the work which God would have them do. On Thursday evening, August 11th, a reception is to be tendered Mr. and Mrs. Mears in the church parlors.

**Oakland, First.**—Thirty new members were welcomed at the communion service August 7th. The pastor has commenced his yearly visits, which in former years extended to every family in the membership. Now that the church roll numbers 1,900, he finds it possible to call on but half of his membership each year; thus covering the entire parish in two years, depending upon the assistant pastor to call each year in the districts unvisited by himself.

**Oakland, Plymouth.**—The pastor has returned from his vacation, which was spent with his family at Camp Curry in Yosemite Valley. Rev. Albert G. Bryant of Porterville supplied the pulpit during the first three Sundays in July, and the Rev. Benj. Gould of Fresno the last two. They were listened to by the largest summer congregations on record at Plymouth, and have left the church stronger and better for their inspiring messages. Four new members were received at the communion service last Sunday morning.

## MINISTERS' MONDAY MEETING.

The meeting of the ministers last Monday indicated that vacation time is drawing to a close. This was evidenced by the large attendance of pastors, their recital of summer experiences replete with advice and warning as to how a minister should and should not spend his vacation time, and the talk of the morning by Rev. H. M. Tenny. Mr. Tenney entertained his hearers most delightfully with an account of this summer's outing of the Sierra Club in the King's river country. It was the tenth annual excursion of this now famous club which was organized some years ago by the honored and loved Le Contes and John Muir, and other lovers of nature, to preserve the Sierras from the ravages of sheep pasturage and other depredations. Mr. Tenny told the story of how 180 people, at an expenditure of something over fifty dollars apiece, shook off the shackles and trappings and luxuries of civilization and for one month sought vigor and recreation and inspiration near the heart of nature. And they were not disappointed in their quest; discarding all household and personal effects and needs other than a sleeping-bag which was an adequate protection against the cold in all latitudes, forty pounds of baggage (including the sleeping-bag), a tin cup suspended to the belt, a spoon tucked into the boot-top, a menu of hard-tack, bacon, coffee, chocolate figs and dried fruits, they fared forth—and discovered in the place of luxuries foregone, the joy of comradeship on trail and by campfire, the exhilaration of casting the line in mountain streams, the inspiration from viewing clouds and giant sequoias and mountain peaks and dark gorges, and renewed strength and spirit.

Mr. Tenny bore testimony to the excellence of the management and the fine temper of the company, which bore trying experiences without a grumble, even to the endurance of a thunder storm which wet them to the skin. All returned home with increased vigor and lasting memo-

Rev. Chas. S. Mears, the new pastor of the First church, Alameda, was welcomed to the fellowship of the ministers. Mr. Mears spoke feelingly of his last service at Reno, when all the churches of the city united with his to bid him God-speed. As hearty a welcome was given him and his family along his journey and at its close by the members of his new charge.

At next Monday's meeting Rev. Alfred W. Hare of Eagle Rock will give the address.

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**A READY RESPONSE TO A CALL FOR SERVICE.**

"The Japanese Congregational Church on Devisadero near Hayes is doing a good work, under Rev. and Mrs. Suyehiro. The church is filling a need in the community that no other church is supplying, but the work is carried on against tremendous odds, and they look to Park Church for aid and sympathy. A pressing call comes for volunteer teachers in the night-school run as a feeder for the church. If any one of our people could give five nights per week, or if five or any less number decided among themselves to provide a teacher nightly it would be greatly appreciated. This is missionary work at home. It is open to the poorest. It requires no high standard of scholarship—teaching English and reading from simple text-books. Do not ask, 'Where is work for me to do?' but consider if this be not a call to you to enter the harvest field."

The above notice appeared in our Bulletin last Sunday. For months I have been holding out the bait of service in this field to our young people—without a nibble. Judge of my delight—and I may say surprise, when visiting new comers in the neighborhood yesterday, a young woman from Los Angeles offered to be one of two to take the whole five nights per week. This young woman has been in San Francisco only two weeks and visited Park church for the first time, Sunday. I am glad for her—that she has found service so quickly, for Mr. and Mrs. Suyehiro—and particularly for dear Dr. Pond. CHAS. C. CHAMPLIN.

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**THE INSIGHT OF JESUS.**

**Wayland Hoyt, D.D., LL.D.**

What a gracious word that is concerning Jesus—"And needed not that any should testify of man; for He knew what was in man."

Here is a bit of incident I came on: "I was the shabbiest girl at the office. It was no one's fault and no one's shame that we are poor. Still, the knowledge of my shabby clothes forced itself upon me, particularly my old black skirt. How I hated that skirt! Mother had cleaned it and pressed it, but it seemed bent with age, and all the office girls looked so fresh and pretty in their trim business suits. I imagined, all the first morning, they were pitying me, and felt them look at my shabbiness. But the next morning I noticed that one of the best-dressed girls had on nearly as old clothes as I had, and she was so nice to me I fancied she was glad I had come because of our mutual poverty. Not until after I earned enough money to buy some suitable clothes, did I learn that the 'poor girl,' as I thought her, had only borne me company at a most trying time, knowing, because her fellow workers all admired her, the little object lesson would keep them from hurting my feelings."

Is not that exquisite? What insight beautiful is in it! What delicate understanding and reaching sympathy—that "bearing company" the sensitive and shrinking one! Nothing in life is more precious. Are we not, all of us, on the greedy hunt for some such insight into ourselves by others?

And do we ever cease to crave the certainty of such interpenetrating and intertwining insight into ourselves by our Lord? Who of us has not longingly thought this—though Lord? Who of us has not longingly thought this—though we may have been unable to set our thinking to such music:

If I could only surely know
That all the things that tire me so
  Were noticed by my Lord—
The pang that cuts me like a knife,
The lesser things of daily strife—

I wonder if He really shares
In all these little human cares,
  This mighty king of kings?
If He who guides through boundless space
Each blazing planet in its place
Can have the condescending grace
  To mind these petty things?

It seems to me, if sure of this,
Blest with each ill would come such bliss
  That I might covet pain,
And deem whatever brought to me
The loving thought of Deity
And sense of Christ's sweet sympathy,
  Not loss, but—richest gain.

Well, veritably there is such insight of us by our Lord. "For He knew what was in man." Take a few instances—only a few, for all through our Lord's earthly life they crowd.

That Simon, son of Jona, there—how an outward fitfulness swayed him hither, thither. But "when Jesus beheld him"—and that "beheld" is most expressive and illuminating; it literally means fastened upon him such piercing and disclosing gaze the nethermost depths of him were laid bare—"when Jesus beheld him, He said: "Thou are Simon, the son of Jona; thou shalt be called Cephas, which is by interpretation, a rock." Underneath the superficial fitfulness which flung the man about so variously, Jesus recognized the deep, steady tenacity of the man which would enable him for his subsequent vast duty.

With what insight Jesus pierces to, and calls out the best in us! There he is—that publican, sitting at his customs-booth on that high road pushing through Capernaum; levying his toll on the fisherman plying their trade in the Lake of Gallilee hard by; on the merchants traveling up and down the highway. No real Jew honors him—rather superciliously curls his lip at him. Is he not a mean, even traitorous, servant of the foreign and hated Roman rule? But Jesus does not thus despise him—bids him follow Himself, which the man does instantly. I think that call of Jesus must have been summer to the heart of the man who had so long been frozen amid the ice of isolation; I think there must have been a gracious, warming trust in the look and tone of Jesus toward him. Jesus saw in him the best—a noble capability of apostleship. How much that quiet deeply-seeing call of Jesus to St. Matthew meant for us! Its bloom is the precious Gospel of St. Matthew. How meager our New Testament had been without it!

I do not think we ought to brand Nicodemus a coward. Rather, did he not come to Jesus by night because only then was there chance for heart-talk with Jesus after the crowded day? Does not his subsequent boldness in the Sanhedrim, and after the crucifixion, bear out such better thought of him? And he was an earnestly seeking man as well, I think. But he was a Pharisee with a Pharisee's pride swelling in him; a man in high repute, for he was a member of the Sanhedrim; a man, too, of a blameless life outwardly. But there must have been a real, restless inner craving in him, else he had not sought Jesus. And how instantly Jesus saw into and gave prescription for that restless craving when immediately he flashed on Nicodemus the inexorable necessity of the new spiritual birth!

Could anything be more beautiful and responding than the treatment by Jesus of those mothers who wanted His blessing on their children? The blundering disciples would bluff them away. But Jesus was much displeased at that—and as St. Mark tells us in his exact and photographic way, more than met the dear longing of those mothers for their children—"Took them up in His arms, put His hands on them and blessed them."

And the feeble, shrinking, voiceless faith of that smitten woman in the crowd, who really touched His garment, putting her heart in it, while the multitude only thronged and jostled Jesus—how instantly and delicately Jesus recognized and singled out that faint and fearing touching, though the mass of people were so pressing Him on every side.

Well, one must tell through the whole four Gospels, if one would entirely set forth this deep-darting, swift, appreciative insight of Jesus.

What profoundly practical meaning this insight of Jesus has for every one of us!

How it should incite to prayer to Him—and not only about the greater burdens, sorrows, perplexities, but, as really and urgently, about the buzzing, stinging, though slighter, annoyances of life.

Casting all your cares upon Him, for He careth for you"—how easy to do it, when we may depend upon a burden-bearer so accurate in knowledge of us, so vibrating and charming, with the quickest sympathy, so able to do for us beyond all that we can even ask or think!

### ENJOYING ONE'S SELF.

When a person says, "I just enjoyed myself," what does he mean? He frequently means that he has been where he didn't have to enjoy himself at all, but where some entertainment was provided for him, and he enjoyed that—perhaps because he was getting away from a troublesome "himself." That is very good, but there is such a thing as enjoying one's self, and it is meant that we should be able to do that also.

Every one has to be alone at times and then is he happy or unhappy? Has he got to have some one else to enjoy, or has he learned how to enjoy himself? Can he use his yes, his ears, his brain, so that he can be happy alone with himself and the sights and sounds of out-of-doors, or or in the world of books and pictures, or in what he can do with hand and brain in productive work?

We need never be very lonely. We always have ourselves and the faculties that God gave us to enjoy; and if we are able to enjoy ourselves, it is pretty certain that there will be that in us which other people will enjoy also. —Wellspring.

# The Home.

### THE LARGE HEART AND THE SHRUNKEN PURSE.

There was once a maiden whose heart was so large that it was fit to burst, but whose purse seemed only to shrivel and shrink as it lost itself in her pocket. Whereupon this maiden sighed and wept and loudly did protest to heaven.

"God above," she cried, almost with reproach, "why didst Thou give me so large a heart, with so great a desire for giving, and at the same time cause my purse to shrink and shrink each day the smaller?"

Whereupon the voice replied:

"Go, cast thy shriveled purse among the bushes in thy garden and go out thyself into the highways, and thou shalt find service for thy hands to do that requireth not the aid of gold or silver."

And the maiden did as the voice had commanded, and she cast away her purse with its few bits of worthless silver into her flowerless garden, and went out herself upon the highways, empty-handed, but with arms and soul outstretched to succor and her heart open to the sunshine.

Now there came a woman toiling up the hill, carrying a fretful child. The way had been long and the child was burdensome, and the hill above was steep, and her strength failed. And the maiden of the great heart ran down to meet her, and she carried the child to the summit, and set a bench in the shade for the weary woman, and she gave the child to drink of clear, cold water from the spring.

And they passed on refreshed. And there followed an aged pilgrim who was footsore, and to him she gave a basin of soft water, and bound up his feet with ointment and strong cloths for sandals, and he passed on blessing her and calling on heaven to remember her kindness "against the day."

And the night fell.

Now, when it was morning the maiden arose even before the sun was well up, so eager was she to begin another new bright day; and as she threw open the shutters she saw the garden which had been the place of flowerless shrubs and weeds was now blossoming with roses. And wherever a bit of silver had fallen from the shriveled, shrunken purse which she had cast into its midst, lo! there had sprung up a pure white lily of loving service.

And she knew then that the Royal Gardener had been at work in the night and had touched her garden into eternal bloom. And the voice said: "Sing!" And she said: "What shall I sing?"

And then of a sudden the voice became her own, and her heart and life seemed full of music, till the castle walls resounded with the echo of her song:

"Hands that open to receive
Empty close—they only live
Richly who can richly give."

### THE FUN OF MAKING GARDEN.

**William A. Quayle.**

Some think making garden, work. They do err not knowing the truth. It is fun. A little sweat is becomingly mingled with the function, but it is not so much the sweat of toil as it is the sweat of spring fever, the beginnings of the session of the sun. And sweat is very healthy and very much needed. To take the collar off and tie a

handkerchief about the neck and seize with becoming violence the south end of a hoe, gives such an impression of importance that it is worth all it costs in perspiration to give yourself such a wholesome exhibit of yourself as a man of real worth and affairs.

Beside, gadening is an antique occupation. More antique than any furniture on display at any antique store. This should ingratiate gardening with those artistic souls who dote on the antique and remote. Adam was a gardener, we read, and the rendering of the text is doubtless accurate. While Adam hoed, Eve stood by and bossed. And if authority be demanded for such an assertion, seeing nothing of the sort is named in the text, the easy and accurate reply is that to have said such a thing would have been a piece of persiflage, a work of supererogation; for does not everybody know what a woman does when her spouse is making garden? She stands by and bosses. There is pathos in this suggestion, but truth cannot be denied because it is pathetic. So for reasons of its antique and therefore classical character as well as for its suggestion of industry and a slight suggestion of vegetables, making garden should be set down as an occupation to be set store by.

Have a garden. If you cannot have one on the ground have a roof garden. They do not so well claim the fidelity of effort as those on the ground but have a garden anywhere. Putter around; look important. Think on that worthy vendor of truisms who remarked on the market value of the man who made a couple of blades of grass grow so that there would be two green things, the man and the grass. What a flood of sage sayings sweat out of a man when he is making garden. How genius seems necessary to his dust.

If the man have gardened before, then he has all that hilarious excitement which necessarily comes to a man looking for the rake and the hoe and the spade. They are where he put them—NOT last year. His wife will revile him and resuscitate the unpardonable incident of Job's wife who talked back to her husband. She will say with a smile which has no sunlight in it. "Dearie, you will presumably find the garden implements where you put them last year. Of course you know where that is." Now, a thing or two of that kind turns common gardening into a means of grace; for he who being a man, master of his own house (as it were) and can command himself and keep calm while such intimations refresh the air, may calmly survey himself in the glass when he has washed the honest grime of honest toil in an honest gardening effort and seeing his own anatomy say, "You are a good man, a very good man," and such a conclusion is very heartening to any man I have ever met.

Some good men are deterred from gardening because there is an element of uncertainty in it. They think so many contingencies arise about the progres of events in the nurture of vegetables. So many things happen whether the vegetables happen or not. This is true but should deter no valorous man from the endeavor. There are things that happen. Bugs, caterpillars, drouth, frost, incidentals, accidentals, insagacity of seeds, misdirection of effort, hoeing up the things you planted not being acquainted with the real look of the thing you designed to grow, and, saddest, the gardener in his pursuit of vegetation which intrudes on his garden purlieus (to wit, weeds) setting his pedal extremities on the vegetable in process, and many such things. These are all likelihoods in gardening. But would a brawny man retire from the effort because of the uncertainty of conditions? Is not life full of accidentals like certain music? Shall we not show ourselves more the master of fate to fool with the garden irrespective of what happens to the garden? Shall we ask to have the garden success insured ere we tackle the garden job? Be it far from us who writ down "men" in the census. We must be up and doing however many things are up and doing at the same time.

It is a prime blunder in gardening to think the business of gardening and the gardener is to raise vegetables. What a dull utilitarian a gardener would be who would so diagnose the gardener's task. Nay, verily. The main business to be accomplished in gardening is to make the effort. It is not a gardener's business to produce vegetables. It is his business to go through those motions which wisely directed do sometimes ultimate in vegetables. That places gardening among the fine arts as also in the heroic occupation, such as discovery and hunting lions. There is the uncertainty in lion hunting as to whether you will consume the lion or the lion will consume you. This adds to the interest of both the lion and the man. Nothing is settled in this world prior to the event. There is a dash of wild courage, therefore, a rush of perturbations, a swing of wild enthusiasm when a man strikes hoe into the ground for the making of a garden. How his toils will eventuate, whether in an onion or a disappointment, he knows not. He will know more when he is older. Let him hector the ground. Let him pound the clod. Let him lean over till his back aches and a liniment is in requisition. Let him listen to his wife as she leans menacingly from the window and advises him to plant radish seeds if he aspires to grow radishes. Let him hear the maid insist that he plant the onion seeds bottoms down because if he does not they will not come up. Let him hear with nonchalance the jeers of his neighbors as they go by or what is worse refuse to go by but stand and volunteer advice. Let the gardener do these things and he has done all that providence really requires in his showing himself a man and a gardener and a correct descendant of Adam the father of all who handle the hoe, as Jubal was the father of all such as blow on the horn( their own horn). O, to be a gardener and to plant things and be serene whether they come up or not! May the race of such increase.

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# Our Young People

## MAKING POSTAL CARDS FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES.

**By William S. Birge.**

Probably few people are aware when they invest a cent in a United States postal card that they are stimulating the industry of Rumford Falls, Maine, or when they purchase a postage stamp they are booming the industry of a neighboring town, Mechanic Falls, Maine.

The big factory at Rumford Falls has recently been awarded another four-year contract by the United States government. In the last four years the output has been thirty-two hundred million cards. Some two million five

hundred thousand pass through Boston every day in registered mail cars. Such cities as Boston and New York consume about two carloads a day.

After the spruce logs from the Maine woods have been chewed and chemically treated, the pulp flows into a big vat called the "digester." Here the pulp looks like a rich churning, but it is in reality the solution from which the cards are made—cards that will carry written messages all over the civilized world.

The wood pulp is run out on a screen of such fine mesh that the paper is long in gathering, and the result of this more than ordinary care is a firm, smooth card of the familiar cream yellow, free from inequalities of texture and from all flakes and shadows when held to the light.

In the big, clean finishing room, where the floor is littered with a clutter of books and newspapers, sit a score of neatly attired women smoothing the great sheets of book and postal stocks into piles. The least defect in the surface is detected at once by their supersensitive finger tips, and sheet after sheet is rejected for a blemish, invisible save to the touch.

Great trucks carry the postal paper to the printing establishment, but before the presses are set to work, each load must be inspected by a government inspector. This inspector first applies the bulk gauge to prove that the postal card is up to the standard in thickness.

The contract requires that each sheet be eleven one-thousandths of an inch in thickness. The second requirement is that every sheet shall endure the test of fifty pounds' pressure to the square inch. So into the strength-tester goes the sheet from the truck load, the pressure is applied and the indicator shows the value of the sheet.

The "blind man's test," or German test, is the third, and it is designed to show whether the surface of the card is properly resined, sized or finished. It is a vigorous application of pen and ink. Should the ink be absorbed, the surface is inferior in its glaze. When the markings are plainly apparent to the touch with "blind eyes," the calendering is satisfactory. Each sheet of stock fed into the printing press is registered automatically, so that an exact tally can be kept of all cards printed. The two presses have a united capacity of three milion cards daily.

The girls who gum the packages together have to be very spry. With a dozen gummed strips between their lips, their trained fingers hover over the straight-edged packs of postal cards like hummingbirds, till, with a dash and a flutter, the band is in place.

One young woman is behind each machine to box these packets, and others are kept busy folding the pasteboard boxes in which they are packed, five hundred in a box. The pasteboard packages are placed in wooden boxes of different sizes. They hold five thousand, ten thousand and fifty thousand cards.

The postal card craze has no effect in Rumford Falls. There is no busy season in the card mill. The same amount is produced day after day. The government requires that a certain amount be on hand at the factory. These are kept in a fire and burglar-proof vault, which has a capacity of one hundred million cards.

But this is not all the money Uncle Sam puts into the coffers of Maine manufacturers. A dozen miles from here, at Mechanic Falls, all the paper for the milions and millions of postage stamps used in the United States every month is manufactured.

Once a month, and sometimes oftener, a requisition is received for one million sheets of paper. Each sheet will make three hundred and sixty-one stamps. The sheets are 18½ by 20¾ inches and of the best quality of paper turned out of the mill. It is made of spruce and soda pulp.

Each sheet is marked with the letters U. S. P. S. (United States Postage Stamps) running lengthwise. The "Dandy Roll," used to make these letters, is the property of the United States government and must be given up at the expiration of the contract. The roll of brass wire is ninety inches long. The marks are made by the heavy raised letters of metal, placed at equal intervals on the surface. The paper is made in rolls weighing two hundred pounds, and the width of seventy-four inches is divided four times into sheets, as specified above. The next step is to mark the sheets so that the workmen in Washington shall have no trouble in keeping them right side up, i. e., with all the letters upright and running in vertical lines from top to bottom.

Then comes the sorting process, for none but the perfect sheets are accepted by Uncle Sam. This work is done by girls, who handle each sheet separately, holding it up and looking through it toward the light, by which means thin places and other defects are quickly discernible. The rejected sheets are thrown upon the floor, and one person is kept busy raking them together and gathering them up to be returned to the pulp room to be reground.

From start to finish the work requires the greatest care and precision, for thre must not be a single defect in a single sheet sent to Washington, where the stamping, gumming and perforating are done.

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## JOE.

**By Grace J. Fuller.**

Unmindful of the passersby, forgetful of his unsold papers, Joe, a ragged newsboy, stands in front of the Boston Store, enjoying by means of his vivid imagination the various articles displayed in the window. The snow falls unheeded on his bare feet, for he imagines them covered with new shoes. A long overcoat trimmed with fur protects his shivering form from the wind. His tingling fingers are warmed with pretty striped mittens. On a new red sled he coasts in the park, or with shining skates glides over the frozen river.

The voice of a fellow newsboy passing the store arouses Joe from his dream, and brushing the snow from his neglected papers, he calls aloud, "Evening Post, Times, Daily Record."

A richly dressed woman who had approached the window at the request of her little son, had observed the newsboy's scanty apparel, his wistful look at the clothes, and his cheerful call. She spoke to the boy, who quickly removed his fragment of a cap, and politely asked, "Paper, lady?"

"The Post, please."

"Thank you, ma'am."

"Now come with me into the store."

"I dasn't go, lady; the manager drove all us newsies out once."

"I'll take you with me. Come."

They entered the store, ablaze with light and gorgeous with Christmas decorations. Joe timidly shrank behind his friend and gazed with wonder upon the beautiful things about him.

After a little while a gentleman to whom the lady had been talking called Joe aside, and soon, as if in a dream of fairyland, the ragged newsboy found himself arrayed in the very garments for which his little heart had been yearning. Thrilled with delight, Joe for a few seconds admired his new possessions, then called for his generous friend. Turning to the lady, his eyes full of gratitude, Joe reverently whispered, "Lady, did God send you?"

He hastened to his garret home to display his treasures. He bounded up the rickety stairs and dashed into the little room that was a home for four, exclaiming, "Mother, mother, look, look!"

I was just lookin' in a big window, wonderin' how it would feel to be dressed all up nice in new things that nobody else had wore, when a beautiful lady come up and asked me to go inside with her. I was afraid to go at first, but she said that it would be all right, an' I forgot all about being afraid after I got in, 'cause it was all so ellergant. Them big archways, you know, is fixed all up with holly and big red bells, fastened with yards and yards of red ribbons, and some places the light spells "Merry Christmas." The lady just said somethin' to a man, and he took me to a pretty room, where first thing I knowed I was dressed in all these new things. Gee! Ain't they splendid, though!"

"Mother, I just b'lieve now what the teacher told us down at the mission about Christmas and God sendin' his own little boy down to earth for everybody; it must be so, 'cause he sure sent that beautiful lady, but when I asked her she only cried. I'm goin' back to the mission, and Tim can go too, mother; he can wear my new coat, an' I'll wear the overcoat. Say,mother, you hide these mittens away some place, and if Santa Claus forgets to bring Beth any, we'll give her these; she'll think it was Santy, just the same. I don't need 'em now, you know, for I've got two big pockets. Ain't it all lovely?"—The Junior Herald.

## THIN PLACES.

"There! my darning is done for this week—every hole is mended!"

"And the thin places?"

"Thin places! Why, auntie, I never look for thin places! There are always holes enough to keep me busy."

"When I was a little girl," said auntie, "I had a dear old grandmother who taught me to mend and darn, and with the teaching she slipped in many lessons about higher things. 'Look out for thin places,' she used to say. 'It'll save thee a deal of time and trouble.' A few runs back and forth with the needle will save a half-hour's darning next week. 'There are a few thin places in thy character,' she said one day, 'that thee'd better attend to—little failures that will soon break into sins.' I did not quite understand her; so, sweetening her talk with a bit of chocolate she carried for the bairns, she said: 'I see thy mother picking up thy coat and hat; putting away thy rubbers again and again. I hear thee sometimes speak pretty sharply when some one interrupts thee at thy story reading. I heard thee offer to dust the parlor several days ago, but thee forgot it, and today thy mother put down her sewing to do it.' I felt so ashamed that I never forgot about the thin places after that, though I am afraid that I did not always attend to them at once.'

"Why, Aunt Mary! If you hadn't said grandma, I'd think you meant me. There are my rubbers under the stove, and I promised mamma to dust the sitting-room this day! But I don't quite understand what holes she meant."

"If you can't find your things and are in a hurry, what might happen, Grace?"

Grace colored, and her eyes fell.

"I did get real mad about my grammar. I was sure I put it in my desk!"

"And you found it on the divan. Then if you promise and do not perform, does it not lower your notion of truthfulness, and so give evil more power over you?"

"Why, auntie, dear, I went right up and tidied my room!"

"I don't understand, Grace."

"I thought you knew," said the girl, in a shame-faced whisper. "I told mamma I had tidied my room (for I promised I would) when I had forgotten it, and was ashamed to own up. Oh, I see how thin places become holes, and I mean to look out."

"With God's help," said auntie, softly; and Grace, giving her a hug, ran to put away her rubbers and dust the sitting-room.

How about your thin places?—Christian Standard.

## A CHANGEABLE LITTLE MAID.

I know a little bright-eyed maid,
Whose moods now grave, now gay,
Change like a shifting weather vane
In quite a puzzling way.

While those who hear her laughing voice,
Her roguish smile, remark,
Are wont with pleased accord to say
"She's happy as a—lark."

Yet oftentimes, I grieve to add,
If vexed by hurt or care,
Transformed at once this maid becomes
As cross as any—bear.

And then our tongues in mild reproof
Of conduct bad we loose,
And with a frown address her thus—
"You silly little—goose!"

Throughout the day her active form
First here, then there, we see,
And in amazement say she is
As busy as a—bee.

At last when evening shadows fall,
And silence rules the house,
In slumberland she rests at ease,
As quiet as a—mouse.

How she can be at once a goose,
And on the selfsame day
A mouse, a lark, a bee and bear,
Is more than I can say.

Yet none the less will I maintain,,
Nor contradiction fear,
That in addition to all else,
She's just a little—dear. —Ex.

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